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Wm. Nelson,  
of Paterson, N. J.  
8 Aug. 1894.

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# *The Plain-Dealer*

No. 1

No. 8

December 25 to February 12  
1775 1776

THE FIRST NEWSPAPER IN NEW JERSEY.

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM A UNIQUE CONTEMPORANEOUS  
MANUSCRIPT COPY.



vard University Library,

With Compliments of

Mr. Nelson

July 30, 1894

*The Plain-Dealer*

*No. 1*

*No. 8*

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*1775 1776*

THE  
FIRST NEWSPAPER

IN  
NEW JERSEY

NOW FIRST PRINTED FROM A UNIQUE CONTEMPORANEOUS  
MANUSCRIPT COPY.

WITH AN INTRODUCTION AND NOTES  
By WILLIAM NELSON.

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PRIVATELY PRINTED.  
1894.

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Wm. Nelson.  
Paterson, N. J.

ONE HUNDRED COPIES PRINTED.

No. 22

The precursor of the Newspaper of to-day was the News-Letter—a manuscript in the form of a letter, containing ship-news primarily, and afterwards noting the leading events of the day, and which was to be found in every enterprising coffee-house.

In the "History of the Early Settlement and Progress of Cumberland County, New Jersey," the late Lucius Q. C. Elmer gave this account of the News-Letter printed in the following pages: In 1775 "an association was formed [at Bridgeton], of which Ebenezer Elmer, then a student of medicine, was the Secretary, by the members of which weekly papers on various topics were written, and these being copied, were left at the tavern kept by Matthew Potter (believed to have been the house next east of the present Cohansy Hotel), to be there perused by such as chose. Among the writers of these papers were Dr. Jonathan Elmer, Joseph Bloomfield, Dr. Lewis Howell, and his brother Richard, afterwards Governor of the State."

It is not known how long this first New Jersey News-Paper was continued, but it is not unlikely that the file herewith given is complete, the exciting events of the Revolution turning men's minds to sterner occupations than the writing of weekly essays for the diversion of the little group wont to frequent "Matthew Potter's bar." Only one copy of the paper has been preserved. This was made at the time by Thomas Harris, then but a young man, who afterwards served his country on the Revolutionary Committee of Cumberland county. It is written in a legible hand, with surprising correctness of spelling, capitalization and punctuation. It is on letter paper, now stained by time, the pages  $6\frac{1}{2} \times 8\frac{1}{2}$  inches in size, the whole stitched together like an old-fashioned copy-book, within coarse greyish wrapping-paper, neatly lettered on the outside, "*Plain Dealer*. 1775." This copy has been preserved in the family always, and is now owned by a granddaughter of Thomas Harris—Mrs. Joseph T. Allen, of Bridgeton, who received it from her father, Norton Harris.

In its contents, it is evident that the original aim of the Bridgeton News-Letter was to imitate the *Spectator* and other London publications, which in polished essays cleverly hit off the foibles of the day. To this was added the more serious purpose of arousing and stimulating the patri-

otism of the people. The articles in the second and fifth numbers throw a curious light on the diversity of views then prevailing in the neighborhood as to the wisdom or righteousness of the war with Great Britain. The labored defence of the Colonial cause in the sixth and eighth numbers, shows that such a defence was deemed necessary in that early stage of the conflict. It may be added that these articles are a strikingly able presentation of the American argument, and well worth reading even at this late day.

One of the oddest of American customs, practiced well on into the present century, was that of "Bundling." For obvious reasons, the literature on the subject is scanty. Indeed, aside from Dr. Henry R. Stiles's "wicked little book," as he called it in a letter to the writer some years ago, scarcely anything is to be found in print on the subject. Hence the paper in No. 4 of the *Plain-Dealer*, and the indignant replies it provoked, will be welcomed as a positive addition to our meagre knowledge of this strange practice. The mischievous writers doubtless knew well that the original article would arouse a storm of protest on the part of the fair ones of the vicinity.

It is not possible to identify with certainty the authors of the various articles, but from the style of composition it is very probable that the eulogy of Gen. Montgomery, in the seventh number, and the address to Capt. Bloomfield's company, in the eighth number, were by Dr. Ebenezer Elmer, they being much in the same vein as his "Elogy" on Col. Francis Barber, printed in 1783.

## *To the Public.*

As the circumstances of the times loudly call on every Individual to exert himself for the good of his Country and fellow creatures, several persons whose genius & inclination for many years past have led them to Study and contemplation, have concluded, that the most Important Service that they can render to Society, will be to communicate—Weekly to their neighbours the result of their enquiries and Speculations on political occurrences and other important Subjects particularly calculated to suit this place.—

And as there is no press within reach to print them, the following method is propos'd to render them public.—Each person immediately engaged in the undertaking to act as Secretary in rotation for a certain time; who will correct, transcribe, and number all peices, for public view; so that they may be read every Tuesday morning by any one, that will take the trouble to call at Matthew Potters Bar for the same. And that every one that has a mind may peruse them, tis expected that no one will offer to take them out of his house, but every one is freely allowed to take A copy of any or all of the numbers as they appear, and communicate the same to as many as he pleases. It will be Intitled the *Plain Dealer*, and no numbers is to excel half a sheet in lenth. all persons desirous of assisting in carrying on so useful a work, are requested to leave their performances at sd. Potter's seal'd up and directed on the outside to the *Plain Dealer* where they will be received dijested and transcribed by the Secretary for the perusal of the public, by which means, And the Secretary being under Obligations to keep the names of the persons who wrote the peices secret, those that desire it, may communicate their sentiments to the public without the inconvenience of being known or personally critecised. The first number may be seen next Tuesday morning.—

December 21st 1775.

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Thomas Harris his hand & pen wrote with my Blood the  
1st of Sept 1776  
Jonathan Stratton  
Jonathan Stratton his hand and Pen

# *The Plain Dealer*

*No. 1 Dec. 25th 1775*

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The following Letter being the first that came to hand after publishing our design by Advertisement we shall transcribe it for the reader without preface.

Many hands makes light work.

*A Proverb.*

Mr. Plain Dealer.—

Being inform'd that you expect to conceive and bring forth, with the assistance of all the Learned and ingenious Midwives in the place; A weekly paper, which is to be christened with your own dear name, I have taken the liberty to send you the following Introductory peice, and request you will do me the singular [honor] to give it the first place among your library<sup>1</sup> offspring, In the full conviction of the natural fertility of the human mind, and my great admiration of such periodical productions, make me very ambitious of appearing foremost, in carrying on so useful a performance.

As the allwise author of our Being has given leisure for study & opportunity of improving the mind to comparatively few, every attempt, however small and inconsiderable, to diffuse useful knowledge, among the generality of mankind, is in itself praise-worthy, and may with modesty lay claim to a large share of indulgence from the public. That ignorance is the mother of error and superstition, is a maxim confirm'd by daily observation. The only effectual method then, Mr. Plain Dealer, in my humble opinion to rectify the errors and remove the superstitious prejudices, which at this time more especially occasions many of the evils that threaten our ruin, is, to convince the Judgment and inform the understanding. This I conceive is a

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<sup>1</sup> An error of the copyist for "literary."



task as important as it is difficult. But according to the good old proverb which I have prefixed as a motto to this paper “many hands make light work.”

I would invite all both male and female who have ability or inclination to serve the public in this way, to give you a lift in carrying on this work. And as an inducement thereto, besides the innate satisfaction of having honestly contributed our mite for the public weal, I would beg leave to observe, that by this <sup>1</sup> instructing others we improve ourselves and therefore are Equal gainers in the End.—For if but few of those leasure hours which are too frequently devoted to trifling or vicious amusements, were employed in forming just Ideas of things and arranging them in such order as would enable us to communicate them to others with clearness and precision, we should not only enlarge our own sphere of knowledge, but contract a habit of thinking and reasoning more justly than those who neglect to exercise their intellectual faculties this way.

To render your lucubrations as useful and entertaining as possible, I would recommend to treat promiscuously upon every subject that may occasionally fall in the way; at least upon all such as have any reference to the present situation of public affairs, or the particular circumstances of our place. By thus adopting<sup>2</sup> them to the spirit of the times, and the Ideas manner and capacities of your readers, even though they should fall infinitely short of all former attempts of the kind in elegance of language, sentiment, & propriety of diction, yet they will nevertheless have their merit & perhaps prove more serviceable in this place than better performances by abler hands.

I am &c.

CATO.

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<sup>1</sup> thus

<sup>2</sup> adapting

*Plain Dealer*

No. 2. Jan. 1776.

'Tis with our Judgments as our watches none  
go just alike yet each believes his own. *Pope.*

From a careful attention to the sentiments and actions of the people in this place, with respect to politics ever since the commencement of the present unhappy dispute between Great Britain and America, I find they may all [be] reduced to three Classes :

The first class includes all those who religiously adhere to the old absurd and wormeaten Jacobite doctrine of passive obedience, and nonresistance, or an absolute submission to the higher powers and a tame obease subjection to the most unjust and tyrannical impositions for conscience sake or under the specious pretence of being conscience bound so to do, and may therefore be truly called *rank Tories*.

The second Class on the contrary comprehends those who considering that all mankind in a state of nature were upon an equality, that all power is derived from the people and not from any imaginary divine right, and therefore that all those placed in authority over us, having received their power & right of governing immediately from us must of consequence be at all times accountable to their constituents for the due and regular discharge of the trust reposed in them by the constitution under which we live ; and to whom we are no longer obliged to yield subjection than while such rulers strictly adhere to the express design of their appointment, but on the contrary are equally bound in duty to oppose every unjust and unconstitutional encroachment of our rights and priviledges as we are to observe and obey those laws and regula[tions]<sup>1</sup> which art just and constitutional.

These are the principles upon which the nobles of England declared war against the unfortunate King John till they pressed

<sup>1</sup> The paper is torn here.

him sword in hand to grant them that famous Charter of Privileges commonly called by way of eminence *Magna Charta*.

These are the principles by which the people of England boldly opposed the arbitrary measures of Charles the first. These are the principles by which our venerable forefathers happily brought about the glorious revolution under King William the third, and by which the present royal family, the Hanoverian branch of the house of Brunswick, were placed on the Throne of Great Britain. These, in Short, are the principles of every person in the world who rightly understands the genuine principles of Civil liberty and the rights of human nature, who are therefore justly entitled to the honourable appel[lation]<sup>1</sup> of being stiled True Whigs.

Under the third Class may be ranked great numbers of ignorant thoughtless beings who are one day Tories, and the next day Whigs; and the third day nothing at all; who like the pendulum of a clock are perpetually changing sides and strictly speaking [are] as unsteady as the wind. Having no fixed principles at all, and being wholly unacquainted with the nature of Government, the principles of the English constitution, and the rights of Americans, they are easily influenced any way, and therefore, either change their sentiments daily without being able to assign any just reason for so doing, or else hastily espouse the one side or the other, merely out of humour or party spite. These I shall beg leave to distinguish by the significant name of Turn-Coats. I shall make it my business in some future paper to consider [each of]<sup>2</sup> these classes of people seperately.

Ha[———]<sup>2</sup>

<sup>1</sup> The paper is torn here.

<sup>2</sup> The corner of a leaf is torn here.

*Plain Dealer*

No. 3. January 8th 1776.

Give honour to whom honour is due  
And every one will honour you.

A Proverb.

Know all men by these presents that I P. Plain Dealer of the County of Cumberland in the Province of New Jersey Conoisieur, having lately received a Commission under the Broad Seal of the County, appointing me Inspector General of Politics and small wares throughout the same, I therefore propose to apply one whole day every week in discharging the great and important duties of my office, in the execution of which I shall make it my business to act with the greatest candour and impartiality.—

Having no other end in view but the Credit of my office, and the wel[far]e of my country, I shall endeavour [to] proceed with a firmness and resolution becoming the dignity of my station & the importance of my place. Unseduced by party, unawed by power, neither hope nor fear, Shall influence to suppress my Zeal for the service of my Country, however offensive it may prove to men whose Conduct and pretentions cannot stand the test of an impartial examination. Nor will I, at all events, so far betray the trust reposed in me as supinely to sit down an Idle spectator amidst public mismanagement, but whenever the rights of my fellow creatures are infringed or violated, no person whatever shall find shelter from the treatment they deserve. Swayed only by the dictates of my office, the dictates of my head, & the impulse of my heart, the vain boaster and false pretender to abilities courage or skill, shall meet with a plain & open repulse, thereby hoping to make myself "*a Terror to evil doers*" at the same time not forgetting to become "*a praise to them that do well*.—

As it is necessary for every person who proposes to set up any trade or Calling to be provided with Tools to carry on the same, in order that I might carry on my business more effectually I have provided myself with an excellent majic Spyglass.

With the assistance of this miraculous Glass, I can at any time day or night, see clearly through the Brick walls of our Court house & observe all the proceedings of a certain venerable set of Gentlemen, who, now and then, meet there to Smoke Politics, Chop Logic, Chaw Tobacco, Eat roast Beef, drink Maderia, snarl, Hiccup, & transact many other great & mighty affairs of state with the most profound secrecy. With the same Glass I can distinctly read the Journals of that right Rev<sup>d</sup> & right Hon<sup>bl</sup> Privy Council though kept close under Lock and Key, and look into all public houses, societies & Clubs in the place; by which means, I find I shall be able to furnish myself with a very large Stock of materials for carrying on my Trade; for happening the other day [to] use my glass pretty freely, I got such a surfeit of absurdity and nonsense that I was obliged to take a dose of Dr. Sangrado's Cure-all physic in order to carry off the redundancy of present Ideas that oppressed my Brain.

Being very desirous by a steady and faithful discharge of the duties of my Station, if possible, to merit the esteem of my Countrymen; I flatter myself my honest endeavours will meet with success and encouragement equal to my highest expectations.

Hear and attest the warmest wish I bring  
God save the Congress and reform the King.

Brackencedge

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*Mr. Plain Dealer.*

N. 4 January 15th 1776.

I have observed the generous and beneficial plan you have set on foot for the improvement of this place; of inviting every one that inclines to make the result of their lucubrations public, to direct them for that purpose to your care; therefore without any further apology, I send you the enclosed piece, on a custom, I have reason to believe too predominant among the young people in this County:—If it should meet with your

approbation, I desire it may appear in your next or any future number.—and, I will endeavour to lend a hand in contributing my mite towards your useful undertaking.

"So she caught him and kissed him  
"and with an impudent face said unto him."  
Come, let us take our fill of Love untill the  
morning, let us solace ourselves with Loves."

Solomon.—

MODESTY is the characteristic of the female sex, it is indeed the Mother of all those graces for which they can merit either love or esteem:—it is the fountain head, as well as the gaurdian of their chastity and honor, & when it is once thrown off, every other virtue grows weak, and by degrees is in danger of being wholly lost. She who is possessed of Modesty can be guilty of no crime, but She who forfeits it is liable to fall into all!—How far it is consistant with that decent reserve, or even that delicacy so becoming in the fair sex.—I leave any one to judge, who knows or has heard in what manner some of the young Ladies in Cumberland receive the addresses of—what shall I call them—the young fellows—no—agreeable to the usual phraise, their sweet hearts,—I mean the method of their Courting in the Evening; or, as it is generally termed *Bundling* with them.—Perhaps some will ask what is meant by Bundling.—Facts are more inteligible than words:—therefore I will relate what I know of my own knowledge, respecting this new method of courtship. Within a month past I had occasion to call before Daybreak upon a friend of mine, who told me the Evening before he would be at a particular house, & who as I imagined by the conversation I accidentally overheard, actually then was and had that night been favored with the company of his beloved Dulcinea—and were (as Solomon expresses it, who was well acquainted with the indulgencies of the Fair) "Solacing themselves with Loves."—It being dark, I made some unlucky blunder against the Ladies Bedroom door, & almost tumbled head over heels into the Room.—You may imagine the consternation the fair one was in at my unexpected rudeness. But,—to be short,—My Friend soon found that I knew the *modest* pickle he was in, & my rousing him up to business, had an opportunity of entering into free conversa-

tion upon the agreeable Situation he was disturbed from.—he told me it was the custom of the place, that if I had a mind to gain the esteem of the girls, I must take the same method when I visited them.—How I replied, why says he, when the family are retired to rest, tell the girls it is time to go to bed, take the candle in your hand, and I'll warrant you, they will lead you to their bedroom, when there, blow out the candle; and then sir take your rest if you can; this is what is called *Bundling* with the girls.—My friend added much more in explanation of this new way of courting, which would be too tedious to mention in this [con]fined method of writing; and disagreeable perhaps to his Dulcinea, in case this should fall into her hands: and I heartily pray it may, for I write out of pure regard to her and all such, who are so much mistaken about the true method of gaining the sincere friendship of the person they would wish to acquire.

I would not have my readers imagine that from this incident only I ground my Opinion, that it is a prevalent custom in the County;—No.—I have been frequently told it by persons both married and single, whom I can rely upon, and particularly from two Gentlemen (high in the M——y Department) who were greatly put to the blush (if we may believe them) upon a similar Evenings entertainment with my friends; the Instance I mentioned, without being more particular, was to let my readers understand what is meant by *Bundling*, the indecency and levety of which I purpose in a future Paper to censure as it justly deserves: nor: do I mean to restrict my remarks to the modesty of the fair Sex only, but boldly without reserve, treat my own as they also merit; and, will, if this is indulged the perusal of the public, give my Sentiments likewise in future upon the true method [of] Courtship, with some wholesome advice to those who are engaged about chusing a partner for Life.

X Juvenis.

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Mr Plaindealer

Ime confonderly provokked at that thare plaggie feller  
hoo rote ure forth Numbre, Pra what buissness had the littel



pimppin raskel to till al tha world what wee pritte garles du in  
tha darke? Besids it is a plaxed sham for hime to mak yuse  
of scuch a contysted uggle wurd as Bundling, If hee had  
yused a pritter wurd I shud not been so rottin mad at hime, I  
vum Mr Plane Deller was I in ure plais id giv hime tha gronds  
of a sett doune and be Skrathd to hime

Sophia

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We'll mock the times with fairest Show,  
Fair face must hide what the false heart doth know.  
*Shakespear.*

Mr Plain Dealer.

The very recital of your name affords me a particular Satisfaction, as it evidently intimates the more plainly we deal with you & your correspondents the more we shall gain your approbation and assistance.

It is without doubt the design of your present undertaking, to improve the mind, inform the Judgment & reform the manners of your readers, by plain facts well attested. This appears evidently the Intention of Juvenis in the fourth number of your papers, where from a single fact, he vainly pretends to prove the reality of what he absurdly calls the prevailing Custom of all ranks of young people in this place. That *Bundling* (as he phraises it) is too predominant here he<sup>1</sup> will not pretend to deny, therefore the Author so far may be right in his accusation.

But as he appears by his writing to be a young Gentleman not well acquainted in this place; who happening in some of his first excursions in the Country to meet with an instance or two of this indelicate method of Courting, & being told perhaps in mere waggery that it was customary in this place, ungenerously asserts that the Custom is universal. It is only with a veiw of Setting this Gentleman right in his Judgment respecting the Conduct of the young people in this place, relating to Courtship, & to remove Some of Those base aspersions.

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<sup>1</sup> we

which he has Cast upon the fair Sex that this paper is designed.

I am a Bachelor of near Thirty Years of age; was born & educated in this place, am well acquainted with most of the people on both Sides of the creek; have been much in company and Flatter myself I know as much of the conduct of the young people in this County as any one in it; The reader may therefore rely on what I have to offer as I design only to relate what I know to be a matter of fact, Nor am I about to prove that *Bundling* is never practised in this place, No, only that it is not universal.—I know from Experience that there are many young Ladies in this place who never were guilty of any such thing and would even spurn at the mention of it.—But that I may put the matter out of all dispute, I shall relate the following Case, which is full to the purpose,—happening the other evening in company with an *old Lady* (of no small reputation in this place & who has married several daughters) to make Courtship the Topic of our Conversation: I then, for the sake of hearing what she had to say, took the part of Juvenis, to which the *old Lady* very gravely replied, however much *Bundling* as you call it may be practiced by the loose and unthinking yet this I can Say, none ever practised it in my house, either of my own girls or others; altho I have had a great many" & I am fully perswaded many more could declare the same with equal propriety.

This I hope will convince Juvenis of his Error and Satisfy him there are some of the fair Sex in this place who hold their Modesty as sacred as he does his honor.—I hope however he will not desist from pursuing his plan as it may be attended with much good not only to Dulcinea, but likewise to many of her Companions.

I am at present labouring under A Thick Edg'd musing melancholy, which when releived of, you may expect to hear more from

A Country Bachelor

Love is strong as death, Jealousy cruel as the grave.

*Solomon.*

Mr. Plain Dealer.

I find by your fourth Number, that there is some young Gentleman in the place, who, for want of employ has Strove to make himself diversion, at the expence of the reputation of the young Ladies of this place.

A compound of Idleness and illnature.—

He says he went to a certain house about 4 oClock in the morning. A pretty season indeed for so precise a Gentleman as he w<sup>d</sup> fain make us beleive he is, to be rambling about the streets! But what is more remarkable he tells us he blundered into the Ladies bedroom; a base mistake indeed! Dont you think Mr *Plain Dealer* that Sir Richard had got upon his head? Or, that he was intoxicated with wine, or Mushmelons & mistook fiction, or the fumes of his disordered Brain, for reality? Perhaps Jealousy the Daughter of Envy, which is more cruel than the grave, gave rise to his illnatured observation. for I cannot tell what else could provoke him to say, there was a Gentleman in Bed, with the young Lady. But come, let us have charity, & beleive for once, what he says is true. It is very easily accounted for, without impeaching the young Ladies modesty, as he has done, by supposing, that he never recovered of his Blunder till he was in Bed himself, & that the young Lady, disgusted with his rudeness, and the Stench of his breath, arising from a mixture of Spirits & Mushmelons; immediately left him, which so enraged the monkey, that he determined to have revenge on her, by making the matter Public, in such a manner as not to be suspected himself. This appears to me to be the nearest the truth of any thing: I therefore request the favour of you to make this as public as the other, which will oblige your constant reader

Cloe.

O! beware of Jealousy,  
It is a green-eyed monster,  
That makes the food it feeds on.

*Shakspear*

Mr Plain Dealer.

When virtue seems to decline, and vice assumes a superiority which merit alone can claim, it is then a time for the generous mind, to exert its utmost endeavours, to restore the former and suppress the latter. This reflection was occasioned by reading a piece in the *Plain Dealer* on Bundling. The author has taken a great deal of pains to tell the world what he means by Bundling; but was the term as familiar and the custom as prevalent as he affects to believe it is he might have saved himself the trouble of so particular an explanation.

Was there indeed but one in the County guilty of so indecent an action the pen of Juvenis could not paint it in too odious colours.

But his being told that it is the custom of the place, is a very poor & uncharitable foundation for such general reflections. Besides in<sup>1</sup> the evidence which he says he gained by an unaccountable blunder he made one morning into a young Lady's Bedroom sufficient to prove the fact? Is it not more reasonable to suppose that his friend had a little before made just such a Blunder as himself & was begging Dulcinea's pardon when the misfortune happened to him.

I should however be sorry to think the disappointment he met with there was more the occasion of his peice that<sup>2</sup> his aversion to the thing itself. I would willingly think him influenced by some other nobler motive. His future performances which he has promised us I hope will confirm me in my good opinion of his intentions; on which account they are impatiently waited for

By Evanthe

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<sup>1</sup> is  
<sup>2</sup> than

Nº 5th January 22<sup>d</sup> 1776.

I shall entertain my readers this week by presenting them with the following Political Creed which was sent me a few days ago—

Mr Plain Dealer.

For modes of faith, let graceless Zealots fight  
His can't be wrong whose life is in the right.  
Pope.

I am a poor ploughman, without Learning & live in a bye corner of the County. Having no opportunity of talking with knowing folks, I am entirely ignorant of what people call politics and therefore seldom go to any of our public meetings.—For this reason, & because I never attempt to talk (as many people do) about that I dont understand some of your high-flying patriots or parrots I dont know which (nor is it any matter which, for as both words sound nearly alike I suppose they mean the same thing) threaten to knock me in [the] head for a Tory.—Though I understand not the meaning of that new fangled nick-name, yet by the sour faces those good folks make when they pronounce the word Tory, I suppose it means a political heretic or something very bad. I therefore send you my political Creed, & desire you would publish it as soon as possible to the world in order that I may save my noggin, clear up my Character, and prove myself a true Son of Liberty.

1<sup>st</sup> I believe that many people who Bellow very loud about Liberty neither know, nor care anything about it, farther than it serves their own private interest or humour.—

2<sup>d</sup> I believe many who make a great spunk about patriotism dont know the meaning of the word—

3<sup>d</sup> I beleive many people who talk a great deal about politics know about as much of the matter as a hog does of Lattin, or a Horse of Divinity.—

4<sup>th</sup> I believe the surest way in the world to render a man contemptable is to put him in a station that is above his abilities, or that he is incapable of Supporting, for like a monkey climbing a maypole the higher an ignorant man gets the more he will show his A—

5<sup>th</sup> I believe the quickest way to kill a man is to cut his head off.—

6<sup>th</sup> I believe many who now appear foremost in Supporting the cause of their Country, would Immediately change Sides if a good opportunity offer'd & it would save their interest so to do.—

7<sup>th</sup> I b[e]lieve the surest way to become popular now a days is to behave as bad as we can.

8<sup>th</sup> I believe the best method of qui[e]ting the Tories is to stretch their Necks well.

9<sup>th</sup> I believe that Lord North, Lord Bute, Lord Mansfield, & Lord Sandwich, are a pack of raskels, & deserve to have their brains beat out.—

10<sup>th</sup> I believe if some of our great men were weighed in a Balance they would be found greatly wanting.—

11<sup>th</sup> I believe there is not one man in our County a *Tory* from principle but that all who pretend to be *Tories* are so partly out of ill nature & a spirit of opposition & one reason among many others I could mention, for my belief is because the greatest sticklar now for the King & his Laws as they call them, were before the commencement of the present dispute, the most opposed to those Laws & the civill Authority in general.—

12<sup>th</sup> I believe I am as good a whig as any man in the County notwithstanding I wear my own hair.

13<sup>th</sup> I believe our Liberty Hall Gentlemen are like piss pots & Close-stools the more they are handled the worse they Stink.

14. I believe a late blustering recanter to be a white:livered gray:eyed cabbage:brain'd pastroon,<sup>2</sup> that like Baalams ass may be frightened with a mere shadow.

15<sup>th</sup> I believe some people will dislike my Creed because they dont understand it, and others because they understand it too well.—

16<sup>th</sup> I believe the best method to frighten hogs out of mischief, is to Lug them well by the Ears.

Shary O'Brion

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<sup>1</sup> serve

<sup>2</sup> poltroon.

## *Plain Dealer N. C.*

January 29<sup>th</sup> 1776

I am fully persuaded many people in this County are opposed to the measures now taking for the defence of American Liberty, purely from their Ignorance of the nature of the dispute between Great Britain & the Colonies, and the methods hitherto pursued for obtaining a reconciliation and redress of grievances.

To all such the treatment recommended by our honourable Continental Congress, seems to me to be the most judicious humane and serviceable, In order that I may Contribute my mite for the Instruction of the uninform'd though well meaning among us; I intend in this and some future papers to furnish my readers with "a short historical reveiw of the rise progress, & present state of the Controversy between Great-Britain & America.

The limits prescribed to these numbers will oblige me to be very short and concise.

I shall therefore only relate the most striking and important transactions.

As the perusal of these papers is supposed to be confined to the people of this place only, I shall endeavour to adapt my Subject particularly to them.—This number is intended as an Introduction to the main plan.—I shall employ it in giving a brief account of the original settlement and constitution of the Colonies.—This is absolutely necessary in order to have a clear Idea of the nature of our present dispute. I shall begin my historical review at the conclusion of the last war in 1763, and continue it to the present day. In order that I may treat the subject with more plainness & precision; I shall divide my history into four periods.—The first period will commence with the conclusion of the last war, and terminate with the repeal of the stamp Act in 1767. The transactions of this period will be



but superficially related, as not being the immediate object of our present controversy, though founded on the same principles, & parts of the same political system.

The second period will extend from the repeal of the stamp Act, to the meeting of the first Continental Congress September 5<sup>th</sup> 1774.

The third period will reach to the Lexington engagement, or the commencement of hostilities April 19<sup>th</sup> 1775. And the fourth period to the present time.

Having laid out my plan I now proceed to execute it.

The Continent of America was first discovered by Christopher Columbus Sebastian Cabot and others in the reign of Henry the seventh near 300 years ago. No attempt however was made to people it from England till Queen Elizabeth's time, when sir Walter Raleigh endeavoured to make a settlement in Virginia, but the plan not succeeding, & that renowned Statesman soon after falling a sacrifice to the intrigues of Spain, nothing more was done till the time of James the first.

During the feeble turbulent and arbitrary reign of this weak and bigotted prince, and his successors of the Stuart family most of the British Colonies on the Continent of America were originally settled.

Many of the Inhabitants of England fleeing from the troubles & persecutions of that unhappy period, sought Shelter and security in the inhospitable wilds of this, then, uncultivated wilderness. It is unnecessary to mention the exact order in which the Several provinces were planted: the principles upon which they were settled being at this time, of much greater Importance, I shall next attempt to set that in as clear a light as the limits of this Essay will admit.

In the beginning of the world we are informed by holy writ, the all bountiful creator gave to man, "dominion over all the Earth." This, notwithstanding all the airy notions of fanciful writers upon the subject, is the only true and solid foundation of man's right of property in the earth — The Earth being thus given to man in a state of negative community; that is, subject to be appropriated by occupation. it follows that all uninhabited or unoccupied parts of the world, are by the Law of

nature, the property of the first discoverer or occupier; upon these principles, notwithstanding America on its being first discovered by the Europeans was found inhabited, yet as the European settlements were made by driving out the nations<sup>1</sup> or purchasing their right, the first occupier or purchaser of any part of America became the absolute proprietor of that part. But as it wd be impossible for a few adventurers without the assistance of some state to defend themselves against the rapacious violence of intruders; to remedy this inconvenience, it became an established custom throughout all Europe at the time of the discovery of America, that upon the discovery of any new, or uninhabited country, the property thereof, immediately vested in the King, or prince of that state, of which the discoverer was a subject.

Thus we find Sir Walter Raleigh about the year 1584 took possession of all the Continent of America from Carolina to New England, in the name, and for the use of his mistress Queen Elizabeth, and Called it all Virginia, in honor of that Virgin Queen. In this manner the property of all those parts of America, first discovered by English subjects were vested in the sovereigns of England, absolutely by virtue of their royal prerogative.<sup>2</sup>

The first adventurers therefore obtained Charters, or grants, from the Crown at different times both of the soil and government of such parts of America as they intended to settle, with the privilege of instituting certain forms of Government within their own districts.—For America being entirely without the realm of England & reach of its Law, the first settlers here esteemed themselves entirely [free] from all subjection thereto. And by the Charters they received from the Crown the internal Government of their respective territories, is expressly vested in them: subject only to the superintendency of the Crown of England as their head. Upon these principles it is evident, that the British Colonies in America are not subject to the Authority of parliament in matters that respect their own internal Government. Each province being a separate and independ--

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<sup>1</sup> natives.

<sup>2</sup> prerogative.

ant state, subject only to the Crown & not to the parliament of Great Britain. To make this the more plain I shall illustrate it with a few familar examples. The King of England is also Elector of Hanover. The Electorate of Hanover is therefore equally subject to the Crown of England with the American Colonies, but no one ever pretended, the parliament of Great Britain has a right to make Laws binding on the Inhabitants of that Country.—

Ireland is subject to the Crown of England, more so than America, as England claims a right of Conquest over that Island; but the parliament of Great Britain never to this day offered to impose Taxes upon them. Were they to do it, all Ireland would immediately rise up in Arms to oppose them, and why not America in the like case? But let us come nearer home & suppose for example, that the Governor of Pennsylvania was also vested with the Soil and Government of New Jersey in the same manner as Charles the 2<sup>d</sup> was when he conveyed it to his Brother James Duke of York; and that the first settlers of this Province came out of pennsylvania, having first obtained a Charter of the Governor of that province both of the soil and Government of this province, reserving to himself only the right of preciding in person, or by Deputy, in our Assemblies and putting a negative on all Laws. That by virtue of such a Charter the Colony became settled and enjoyed the exclusive priviledge [of] legislation for a long time. But at length, the Assembly of pennsylvania taking it into their heads, that New Jersey was peopled by the subjects of Pennsylvania, & belonged to the Governor of that province; that therefore they had a right to make Laws binding upon us. Every one would readily see the absurdity of such a claim, and look upon himself bound in duty to oppose (even by force if necessary) the execution of all such Laws. This is exactly similar to our present dispute. The right of the parliament of Great Britain to make Laws binding upon us *in all cases whatsoever* is founded on no better principles; is equally absurd and unconstitutional, and will be attended with the most pernicious consequences, if not timely prevented by a vigorous and manly opposition.

N<sup>o</sup> . 7 February 5<sup>th</sup> 1776-

The blow is struck, which through each future age  
Shall call from Pity's eye the frequent Tear ;  
Which gives the Brother to the Brother's rage,  
And dies with British blood the British spear.  
*Magazine*

If the example of a man of the greatest abilities and most consummate integrity, voluntarily sacrificing all the ease of affluence and pleasures of society, and resolutely encountering every difficulty, and every danger, & even death itself in the defence of his Country can quicken our diligence, or increase our Zeal in the cause of Liberty; the glorious acts and heroic Death, of the brave Brigadier General *Montgomery*, who fell in attempting to force the fortifications of Quebec the 30th of December last, Ought not to be passed by unnotised.

When I reflect on the excellent qualities, the patriotism, the humanity, and the bravery of this illustrious *General*, and attentively review his many late heroic achievements, particularly his last tragic effort, to frustrate the schemes of Cruelty, and oppression, which cost him his life; I feel myself incapable of doing Justice to his memory, and earnestly wish for the pen of a *Hume*, or a *Robertson*, to execute, what in me is almost presumption to attempt. The whole tenor of his conduct, since his appointment to the command of a Brigadier General, fully proved him to be every way qualified, for so high, and important a trust.—

In him were happily united, the wisdom and integrity of a citizen, with the valour, and intripidity of a warrior.—His prudence, magnanimity,<sup>1</sup> and activity, during the whole of his expedition to Canada, particularly at F<sup>r</sup> *St. Jean*, & *Montreal*, were equal to that of the most renowned heroes of antiquity. In his closing scene before the Town of *Quebec*, his Zeal for the welfare of his country, and his abhorance of Slavery, seem to have prompted him to a most dangerous, and difficult action.

<sup>1</sup> magnanimity

and to have detirmined him, (like the celebrated British hero, who lost his life at the same place,) to conquer or die, in the desperate attempt. Heaven ordained that the latter should be [the] fate of both. Like *Wolf* he fought; like *Wolf* he died! He was unlike that British General, only in not expiring in the arms of victory. But even in this unfortunate event, he has served his country; for he has taught the sons of freedom in America, that the *laurel* may be engraved<sup>1</sup> on the *cypress*, & that true glory may be acquired not only in the Arms of victory, but in the arms of death. O Montgomery! Montgomery! what heroic bravery urged thee on, to execute vengeance upon the foes of liberty! Tell me ye brave Americans who beheld our hero fall: did he not with his expiring groans, breathe out an ardent prayer for the success of our Arms, & the welfare of his country? Did he not, in broken accents, encourage his resolute followers, to persist in their glorious enterprise.—Most sincerely do I lament his untimely death! & while I recount his shining qualities, & the signal services he has done his country, gratitude and humanity drop a sympathetic tear over his lifeless remains, and erect a monument in my breast, to perpetuate his glorious memory, more durable than brass.

If there be Joy in Death; if anything can sooth the anguish of a mortal wound, or alleviate the horrors of dissolving nature, it must be in dying in so *heroic* a manner, and in so *good* a cause.—Indulgent Heaven! grant me but this one request, & withhold from me whatever else thou seest fit,—that whenever the Liberties of my country, call upon me for their defence, I may have the courage, & fortitude *to fight*, and, if necessary, *to die* like this great man!

What a noble spectacle is the body of a hero, who offered up his life for the ransom of his Country? & what an honour is it to die with a *Montgomery*, or a *Wolfe*?

Happy McPherson, that since the cruel Destinies, had determined to cut thy thread of life, before it was drawn out to half its length, you had, notwithstanding, the honour, to expire by the side of so gallant a Commander.

<sup>1</sup> : engrafted

Does not the generous breast of every virtuous *American*, boil with indignation, at those remorseless monsters in human shape, a *British Ministry, & Parliament*, to whose cruelty and oppression, a *Warren, a Montgomery*, and many others of our brave Countrymen have fallen victims? And must not every son of Liberty; both here & in Great Britain, abhor and dispise that stubborn, and hard-hearted *Pharoah*, who disgraces a Crown he was never worthy of, by giving sanction to such Acts of injustice and barbarity?

Arouse my Countrymen! let the memory of our departed hero, doubly animate us, with courage, and resolution to defend our liberties, and avenge his death! let us draw our swords, and never return them into their scabbards, till we have rescued our Country, from the Iron hand of Tyranny, And secured the pure enjoyment of Liberty, to generations yet unborn!

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*Plain Dealer No. 8*

February 12<sup>th</sup> 1776

In our 6<sup>th</sup> Number we have given our readers a short account of the first settling of America by the English, & the principles upon which these colonies were planted, by which it evidently appears, that we were not then, nor ever have been, subject to the authority of [the] British Parliament.

To make this matter still more evident, I will mention an Instance or two, to show that the Crown of England, always till very lately, acknowledged the same.

The first instance, I shall relate was, in the time of James the 1<sup>st</sup> who himself had granted several of our American Charters, and therefore must have fully understood, their intent and meaning. Upon the two houses of Parliament, offering a Bill to him; which was to affect the Colonies in America, he refused his royal assent, openly declaring as a reason, "*That America was not annexed to the realm of England, and that it was*

*not fitting that Parliament should make laws for those countries."*

In the reign of Charles the 1<sup>st</sup> who likewise granted some of our Charters, the Parliament proposed making a Law, to allow the subjects of England, free liberty of fishing on the coast of America, but, the King refused his assent, declaring (as his father had done before him) that the "Colonies were without the realm and Jurisdiction of Parliament." Happy would it have been for Great-Britain, as well as for America, had George the 3<sup>d</sup> been of the same opinion, & acted in the same manner, in this respect, as his royal Predecessors did!—

But the most remarkable instance of this kind, happened in the time of Charles the 2<sup>d</sup> who desiring to make permanent provision, for the support of Government, in Virginia, framed an Act himself; & sent it over by the Governor of that Colony, to the House of Burgesses, there to be passed into a Law, which they accordingly did, "in these memorable words," And be it Enacted by the Kings most excellent Majesty by & with the consent of the General Assembly of Virginia."—If King Charles had Judged the Colony of Virginia, to be within the realm of England, he should not constitutionally have joined with any other legislature than the Lords, and Commons, of England, in making a Law to tax the people there.—Many other instances might be adduced, but for want of room must be omitted.—I now proceed to the first period of our historical review.

When I take a retrospective view, of the happy connection & friendly intercourse, that subsisted between Great Britain, & her American Colonies, before the commencement of the destructive era I am entering upon, my mind dwells with satisfaction on the pleasing tranquility, & mutual confidence that for a series of Years, conspired to encrease the wealth, granduer, & felicity, of every part of the British Empire.—The evil consequences that have followed from a change of measures, & the introduction of a new and pernicious System, of Colony Administration, under the auspices of Prime Ministers, who were avowed enemies to the priviledges of America, and unfriendly to liberty in general, are sufficient to make all good men abhor



them, & to execrate the memory of a Bute, & a Grenville forever.—

Before the commencement of the last War, the British Ministry were entirely unacquainted with the circumstances of these Colonies.

The amazing success of the American expeditions, chiefly effected by the strength of our Arms, opened their eyes to behold our power, & importance. The fatal change that took place in the ministry, soon after the succession of George the 3<sup>d</sup>, was quickly felt by the whole Nation, in the hasty & dishonourable peace they concluded with France, and Spain, in February 1763. Dazled with the lustre of French Gold, and charmed with the wisdom of French Polocy; the establishment of peace afforded them, sufficient leisure; & opportunity to make a formal attack upon the liberties of America. To prevent our discovering the net, & taking the alarm too soon, they began with restricting our trade.—This we submitted to patiently, though sometimes with reluctances, as in some instances the restrictions were unreasonable & impolite.<sup>1</sup> The first direct experiment that was made, to levy a Tax upon us by Parliament; was by the Stamp Act in 1766. during the administration of George Grenville, & therefore commonly called Grenville's Bastard. This was contrived with such art & cunning, that Nothing but the virtue, union, & resolution of a brave and free people, who were resolved to hazard all rather than part with liberty, could have prevented its execution.

The people detirmined to use none of the Stamps; the courts of Justice were consequently shut; business was at a stand, & the trade with England stopt, whereby thousands of her manufacturers were reduced to beggery, & confusion threatned on all hands.

For this reason the Ministry found it necessary to change their measures. The Stamp Act, was repealed; in March 1767. The flame, that unconstitutional act excited in America, soon subsided upon its repeal. A state of tranquility ensued. The disorder was now brought to an intermission, & a wise physician, by the application of proper medicines, would have prevented a return of the paroxysm. This finishes our first period, and with it I shall conclude this paper.

<sup>1</sup> impolitic

are endeavouring to wrest from us, with the points of their Bayonets.—The Sun, my friends, never shone on a contest more just, nor does the History of mankind afford a single instance of a people engaged in a cause more important, than that in which you are now engaged.—Greece, Italy, Holland, Switzerland, & even Great Britain herself, (now our bloody foe) have fought & bled in the cause of Liberty.—But what are any, or what are all those countries united? they are little more, in comparison with these American Colonies, than this County of Cumberland is, to the whole province of New Jersey. In short, the fate of millions, of a whole Continent of people, depends on the event of the present unhappy dispute. And since the irrevocable blow is struck, and our adversaries have left the merits of their cause to the Decision of the sword, nothing but a resolute and manly resistance, can save our devoted Land, from inevitable ruin. Go on then my brave friends, in the glorious cause you have undertaken; let no difficulties however great: let no obstacles however discouraging, hinder you from persisting in what you have begun.

As the military life you are now entering upon is new to most of you, give me leave to recommend it to you, as my parting advice, to live sober, temperate, & regular, & carefully guard against all those vices & irregularities, that are too common in Camps & Armies, particularly profane Swearing and the excessive use of spirituous liquor.—These will injure your health, blast your reputation, & unfit you for the service of your country. Should you be called into the field of Action, it is more than probable, that some of you will loose your lives in Battle. For your comfort & encouragement I would remind you, that, should it be the fate of any of you to fall there, you will die gloriously; you will expire in the defence of your country, and suffer martyrdom in the cause of Liberty.

Remember the illustrious *Hampdon* who fell in the cause of Liberty in the cruel & arbitrary reign of Charles the 1<sup>st</sup>. Remember *Doc. Warren*, the *Hampdon* of America, who fell at the battle on Bunkers Hill, in the still more cruel, & arbitrary reign of George the 3<sup>d</sup>. Remember the brave General *Montgomery*, the spirited *McPherson*, the gallant *Capt.*

Cheeseman & many other of our brave countrymen (as well Soldiers as Officers) who have boldly sacrificed their lives, in the glorious cause of Liberty, in which you are now engaged. Imitate their noble example. Let the same patriotic spirit that glowed in their breasts, animate yours also. Ascend the summit of military honour, by acts of bravery & heroism like theirs. Let not the faithful pages of some future historian, be sullied with the recital of a single cowardly or inglorious action which any of you may be guilty of; but may you conduct so, as to gain immortal honour to yourselves, & be a credit to the place to which you belong. May you all serve your Country with courage & fidelity. May you go forth, to oppose your cruel Enemy, in the name of "the Lord of Hosts, the God of Armies." Trusting in him, may you always prove victorious. May he preserve you in safety, in the midst of the greatest danger. And, having by your valour and activity, procured peace and tranquility to your oppressed & bleeding country, may you all return home to your friends, loaded with trophies of victory, & crowned with wreaths of unfading *Laurels*.—May you then all prove victorious & useful citizens, untill you have compleated the measure of your days.—And having faithfully served your Country in your day & generation, according to the will of Heaven, may you all die like *Christians*.

With these my sincere wishes, & ardent prayers, for your success, welfare, & safe return home, I now take my leave of you, and with the feelings of humanity, & affection of a friend, I bid you one and all

*Farewell.*

[Although written in the same hand, and stitched within the same covers, it is probable that the following pages did not form part of *The Plain Dealer*, but were copied by the young writer from various sources.]

## *A Copy of a Letter from*

*Miss ----- to Mr -----*

The various passions that agitate my distracted Soul, have subsided, and I am now Calm.—I am alone, and in no danger of interruption.—The insignificants that fluttered around me are now fled; and their departure gives me no uneasiness.—I am at Leisure to consider what I have been, and what I am—admired, applauded, Courted—avoided, despised, Pitted:—However; when I take a view of mine own heart, the prospect is less gloomy.—I have been Incautious, but not abandoned:—Indiscreet, But not vicious:—faulty, but not depraved. If female virtue consists, as I have sometimes been told, in female reputation, my virtue is indeed gone: but if, as my soberer reason teaches, virtue be independent of human opinion, I feel myself its ardent votary, and my heart is Pregnant with its noblest Principles.—The Children of Ignorance cannot, and the Children of malevolence will not, comprehend this: but I court not their approbation, nor fear their Censure. My heart, it must be owned, was formed of sensibility—formed of all the Luxury of the melting passions: But it is equally true, that the severest Delicacy had ever a place there; the Groves of ..... Can witness, that whenever Loves presided at the entertainment, the Graces were not absent, ..... that in the very Delirium of pleasure, the rapture was Chastened, and the transport restrained. My understanding was never made Procurer to my fonder wishes, nor did I ever call in the aid of a wretched, sceptical and Impious philosophy to countenance my unhappy fall,—Though nature was my Goddess and my Law-Giver, I never dreamed of appealing from the Decisions of positive Institutions:—my principles were uncorrupted while my heart was warm; and, if I feel<sup>1</sup> as a woman, Yet you know, at the same time that I feel,<sup>1</sup> Like Cecar, with Decent Dignity. I write not to justify myself to you. you desire not—you desire not any such justification:—But while I lay open my heart, I desire you will examine your own. The hour of reflection seldom comes too soon. And what must your sensations be, when you recollect that you have violated all Laws, Divine and human:—broken through every principle of virtue, and every tie of humanity;—That you have offered an insult to the

<sup>1</sup> fell

kind Genius of hospitality, the benevolent spirit of Good neighbourhood, and the sacred powers of friendship!,—I mean not to reprove you: but suffer me to ask—Was it not sufficient that you added my name to the List of your infamous Triumphs (for Infamous they are, in spite of Sophistry, gaity, and the mode);—That you had ranked me amongst the Daughters of wretchedness and Ignominy;—Deprived me of my father, my all of comfort, and my all of hope!—were not these things, I say, sufficient, without adding to them the meanness and the baseness of Publickly speaking of me in the streets, in Language that a Gentleman would not have used to the vilest wanton that ever breathed the infected Air of St. Clements?—Weak, unhappy man! I am not ashamed of my Defate.—For myself, I am well aware the world is not my friend, nor the world's Law.—I expect not, nor desire its favour.—I never forgave offences of this kind; in my own sex, In particular, is inexorable; for never did female kindness shed a tear of Genuine Commiseration on misfortunes like mine.—The insolent familiarity of some, and the cautious reserve of others—the affected concern—the self-approving condolence—these sufficiently teach me what is the friendship of woman. But I have no anxiety on this account;—the remainder of my days I give to solitude; and if Heaven will hear my most ardent prayer—if my presaging and declining health do not deceive me, this remainder will not be [long]—Sister Angels shall with joy receive me into their happy choirs, though my too virtuous sisters of this world, avoid my company as contagious.—In the mean time, never shall the returning sun Gild the roof of my humble Cottage, but I will drop a tear of Deep repentance to the fatal indiscretion that robbed me of my peace, and plunged a whole Family into misery;—And when the hour of my Delivery comes, if an offended parent will but take me in his arms and pronounce me forgiven, my heart again will be sensible of comfort, and joy shall once more sparkle in the Eyes of

*Eliza.*

How bless'd the Maid whose Bosom  
No Head-strong passion knows;  
Her Days in Joy she passes;  
Her Nights in Calm repose.

Where'er her fancy leads her,  
No Pain, no fear invades her;  
But Pleasure, without measure  
From every object flows.

*Stephen Elms*

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Tell me ye knowing and discerning few  
Where I may find a friend both Just and true  
That will stand by me when in Deep Distress  
And then her Love and friendship most Express.  
In Woods and Dales where first me love began,  
There will I live retired from sight of man;  
I'll sit all Day Beneath some lonely Shade,  
Or in some Arbour by Dame Nature made.  
I'll Search the Groves there every Tree to find  
Where first I carved our names upon the Rhind.  
Thus will I live, and swain,<sup>1</sup> whene'r I Die,  
Upon my Hearse white Truelove Knots shall tye.  
And on my Tomb shall be Inscribed above,  
Here's the forsaken Youth that Died for Love.

*John Colgan, School Master.*

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<sup>1</sup> swains

## *On the foolish Race of Man.*

O! if the foolish Race of Man who find  
A Weight of Cares still pressing on their mind,  
could find as well the Cause of this Unrest,  
and all this Burthen lodg'd within the Breast;  
Sure they would change their course; nor live as now  
Uncertain what to wish, or what to Vow,  
Uneasy both in Country, and in Town,  
they search a place to lay their Fardel down.  
One, restless in his Palace, walks abroad,  
and vainly thinks to leave behind his load,  
but straight returns, For he's as restless there,  
and finds there's no relief in Open Air.  
Another, to his Villa would retire,  
and Spurs as hard as if it were an Fire:  
No sooner entered at his Country Door,  
but he begins to stretch, and yawn, and snore. }  
Or seeks the City, which he left before. }  
Thus every man 'o'er-works his weary will,  
to shun himself, and to Shake off his Ill, }  
the Shaking Fit returns, and hangs upon him still. }  
No Prospect of repose,—No hope of Ease,  
the Wretch is Ignorant of his own Disease;  
Which known, would all his fruitless trouble spare,  
For he would know the World not worth his Care.  
Then would he search more deeply for the Cause,  
And Study Nature well, and Nature's Laws.

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Thomas Harris his hand and Pen. November 23<sup>d</sup>. 76

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Let ev'ry swain adore her Power divine,  
And Milk and Honey mix with sparkling Wine:  
Let all the Choir of Clowns attend this show,  
In long Procession, shouting as they go;

Invoking her to bless their yearly stores,  
Inviting Plenty to their crowded Floors.  
Thus in the spring, and thus in summer's Heat,  
Before the sickles touch the ripening Wheat,  
On Ceres call, and let the labouring Hind  
With Oaken Wreaths his hollow Temples bind  
On Ceres let him call, and Ceres praise,  
With uncouth Dances, and with Country Lays.

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Then saturn came who fled the Power of Jove  
Robb'd of his Realm and banish'd from above  
The Men, dispers'd on Hills, to Towns he brought,  
And Laws ordain'd, and Civil Customs taught:  
And Latium call'd the Land where safe he lay  
From his unduteous son, and his usurping sway,  
With his wild<sup>1</sup> Empire, Peace and Plenty came:  
And hence the Golden Times deriv'd their Name.  
The Delver made nor Bound nor Balk.  
No Fences parted Fields, no Marks, nor Bounds  
Distinguish'd Acres of litigious Ground.

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Why will florella when I gaze  
My Ravish'd Eyes reprove  
And hide from them the only face  
They can behold with Love.  
To shun her Scorn and Ease my Care  
I seek a Nymph more kind  
And while I rove from fair to fair  
Still gentler usage find—  
But oh! how faint is Every Joy  
Where nature has no part  
New Beauties may my eyes Employ  
But you Engage my heart—  
So restless Exiles Doom'd to roam  
Meet pity Every where  
Yet languish for thier native home  
Though Death attends them there—

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<sup>1</sup> mild



Be it remembered that on the Twenty Seventh of February In the Year of our Lord One Thousand Seven Hundred and Seventy Seven—I was Inoculated for the Small Pox at Nathan Lawrences's and the 11th Day after I began to brake out I had it very thick and hard, was there five weeks and three days and on the fifth of April I returned home to my fathers again very weak and Poorly.

Thomas Harris

There's none of you that Stand by  
That I'll ever come nigh  
Nor you that are far around  
I Care not at all no not for you all  
Since my own trulove I have found

## *The Story of Pyramus & Thisbe.*

Pyramus and Thisbe were both Inhabitants of the City of Babylon; Equals in Beauty, Age, Conditions, and Fortune. They began to love from their Cradles. Their Houses were contiguous, so that their Love [which] arose from their Neighbourhood, grew greater by their mutual Play, and was perfected by their singular Beauty. This Love increased with their years, and when they were marriageable, they beg'd their Parents Consent; which was refused, because of some former Quarrels between the two Families. And that the Children might not attempt anything against their Parents Will, they were not permitted to see each other, or to speak together. What could Pyramus do? Or how could Thisbe bear this? There was a Partition Wall between both Houses, in which Wall was a small Crack never discovered by any of the servants. This Crevice<sup>1</sup> (1) the Lovers found, and met here. Their Words and their Sighs went thro; but Kisses could not pass; which, when they parted, they (2) printed on each side of the Wall. But what a fatal Rapture in their Hearts did this small Breach in the Wall produce? For their Love was too great to be confin'd to such narrow Bounds: the next Night therefore they resolv'd to enjoy that Liberty abroad, which they could not receive at home, by escaping into a neighbouring Wood; where they agreed to meet, under the shade of a large Mulberry Tree, which stood Close to a Fountain. When Night came on, Thisbe deceives her Keepers, and escapes first, and flies into the Wood; for love gave her Wings. When she came to the appointed place, A Lioness (3) came from the slaughter of some Cattle, to drink at the Fountain, Thisbe was so frighted that she ran into a Cave and in her Flight her Veil fell from her Head; the Lioness returning from the Fountain, found the Veil, and tore it with her Jaws smear'd from the Cattles Blood.

Afterwards comes Pyramus, and sees the Prints of a wild Beast's Foot in the Gravel, and by and by finds the Veil of Thisbe, Bloody and torn. He immediately imagining that she was kill'd and devoured by the Beast, presently grew distracted, and hastned to the appointed Tree, and when he could not find Thisbe, he threw himself upon his sword and died. Thisbe in the mean time recover'd from her Fright, and came to the Mulberry Tree, where she sees, when she came near, (4) a Man expiring; she was amazed at first, and stopt, and went back frighted. But when she knew (5)

<sup>1</sup> For Notes, see p. 39.

who it was, she ran into the Embraces of her dying Lover, mingled her Tears with his Blood, and folding her Arms about him, being almost distracted with Grief, she lamented the Misfortune that robbed her of her Lover, Calling upon him to answer, if he could, when his Thisbe called him; but he was speechless, and only looking up to her, expired. And now Thisbe was almost Dead with Grief. She tore her Cheeks, and beat her Breasts, and rent her Hair, and shed a Deluge of Tears upon his cold Face; nor ceas'd to mourn till she perceived her Veil bloody and torn in Pyramus's Hand. She then Understood the Occasion of his Death, and with all her strength, she draws the sword out of the Body of her Lover, and strikes it deep into her own; and falling accidentally on him, gave him a cold Kiss, (6) and Breath'd her last Breath into his Bosom. The Tree was warm'd with the Blood of the slain, so that it became sensible of their Misfortune and Mourn'd. Its Berries, which were before white, became red with Grief, and blush'd for the Death of Pyramus: When Thisbe also died, the Berries became black and dark, as if they had put on Mourning.

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- (1) This, for so many Ages undiscry'd,  
(What cannot Love find out) the Lovers spi'd,  
By which their whispering Voices softly trade,  
And Passions am'rous Embassies convey'd.
- (2)                                Their Kisses greet  
The senseless stones with Lips that cannot meet.
- (3) When lo a Lioness, with Blood besmear'd  
Approaching to the well known Spring appear's.
- (4)                                In great surprise  
Blood reeking Earth and trembling Limbs she spies.
- (5) But when a nearer View confirm'd her Fear,  
That 'twas Pyramus lay weltering there.
- (6) She kiss'd his Lips, and when she found them cold,  
No longer could from wild Complaints with-hold.  
What Strange mischance, what envious Destiny  
Divources my dear Pyramus from me?  
Thy Thisbe calls—O Pyramus reply!  
Can Pyramus be deaf to Thisbe's cry?  
When Thisbe's Name the dying Lover heard  
His half-clos'd Eyes for one Last look he rear'd.  
Which having snatch'd the Blessing of that sight,  
Resign'd themselves to everlasting Night.

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The End of the  
Story of Pyramus and Thisbe.



















